Historical Society X

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AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Washington Territory Bill to Come Up.

SICK SECRETARIES.

Congressman O'Neill Explains His Arbitration Bill and Will Present It.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Two o'clock to-morrow Senator Platt will call up the bill for the admission of Washington Territory.

Congressman John J. O'Neill, Chairman of the House Committee on Labor, left for New York this afternoon to confer with T. V. Powderly and Jay Gould as to a settlement of the Southwestern railroad troubles. Before leaving O'Neill invoked by letter the interference of the President in bringing together the "two antagonized members of his family."

In the House to-morrow Mr. O'Neill's long-promised bill on the arbitration question will be introduced. He asserts that it is rational, operative and constitutional. It is entitled "A bill creating Boards of Arbitration for the speedy settlement of controversies and differences between common carriers engaged in inter-State and Territorial commerce or business and their employers." The preamble recites that by section 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution of the United States Congress is invested with full power and authority to provide for the general welfare of the people of the United States; to regulate commerce among the several States; to constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court of the United States, and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers.

THE ARBITRATION BILL.

It provides for the formation within the laws of a tribunal consisting of one on each side of the controversy, the two to select a third. If they do not select, as provided, within three days, the United States Court of Jurisdiction in which the trouble exists shall do so. This tribunal shall have the standing of a United States Commission with all its powers and shall be paid in a like manner.

GARLAND'S CONDITION.

Attorney-General Garland is suffering from a severe cold and is confined to his bed. His physician has advised him to remain away from the department for a few days.

The physicians attending Secretary Manning report his condition to-night as unchanged. The members of the Secretary's family and his attendants say he appears somewhat better.

Dr. Lincoln left his bedside to-night at 10:30 o'clock. This is the first night since the Secretary was taken ill that he has left before midnight. He stated that the Secretary's condition was about the same. His family, however, are more hopeful and the fact that he does not go backward, they regard as an indication of ultimate recovery. The doctor will say nothing in regard to the Secretary's exact condition, but said that he was holding his own and it would be some days before anything definite could be said. He is not yet out of danger.

National Union League.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The National Council of the National Union League had its annual session at the Ebbitt House in this city yesterday. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, C. H. Grosvenor; Vice Presidents, Wm. E. Chandler, Thos. R. Rich, James S. Negley, J. S Robinson, L. C. Houck, J. E. O'Hara, C. A. Boutelle, B. K. Bruce, Nathan Goff, Lewis McKenzie; Corresponding Secretary; J. E. Bryant; Treasurer, A. A. Clapp; Chaplin, J. J. Cooper; Marshal, J. H. Bayne; Sargent at Arms, S. T. Demar. The committee made a report which was unanimously adopted, congratulating the Republican party upon the evidences of its past wisdom and patriotism as seen in the cause of the present Democratic Administration. After referring to the alleged fraudulent voting in the South and the system of political murders directed against the Republicans, a set of resolutions were adopted that the National Union League will direct its principal efforts to secure a fair vote and an honest count of the ballots. It was further resolved that a committee of fifteen be appointed armed with authority to carry into effect the policy of the League.

HER THIRD HUSBAND.

Matrimonial Adventures of Old Vanderbilt's Granddaughter.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Marie Louise, the only child of the late Horace F. Clark, and the granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, married her third husband in Paris on March 3. The first husband, Clarence Collins, was a member of the dry goods firm of Whittier & Collins of this city. After several years of married life they separated. Learning that her husband suspected her of adultery with Capt. Bertram Eustace Mitford of the First Royals of the British army, she went to Chicago with Mitford and began proceedings for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Collins paid no attention to the notice of the proceeding, and the divorce was granted and Mrs. Collins married Mitford. Collins then began proceedings for a divorce here on the ground of adultery, and on the referee's report the divorce was granted and the custody of the daughter awarded him. No one appeared for the wife. The Captain and wife went to England, where he died some years ago.

On the 3d instant the widow married Marian E. Souberbielle in Paris and again in London on the 8th. The new husband is about her own age and of respectable family. About a year ago Horace F. Clark's widow caused a sensation by marrying a man who had been her husband's private secretary. She and her daughter were both very rich by inheritance from Commodore Vanderbildt. About three months ago Collins married Rosalia Beecher, of the McCaull Opera Company.

FIGHTING IN MADAGASCAR.

A Large French Force Whipped by the Hovas.

LONDON, March 28.—The African mail steamer which arrived at Plymouth to-day brings news of desperate fighting between the French and the Hovas in Madagascar. About the end of February the Hovas, under Gen. Willoughby, attacked 3,000 French troops, routed them with heavy loss and pursued them to Lamatine. The French houses and stores in Lamatine were shelled by the Hovas and destroyed. The Hovas then returned to the Capital. Their losses were small. A few days later Gen. Sherington surprised 4,000 Sakalovos preceded by Frenchmen and three machine guns. The Sakalovas were routed, forty being killed and wounded. This is the first news of the French rupture in Madagascar and has created a great sensation.

Car Shops Burned.

CHICAGO, March 28.—The *Inter-Ocean's*, Brainerd, Dakota, special says: "The principal car and locomotive manufacturing shops of the Northern Pacific Railway, located here, were destroyed by fire this morning; loss, $100,000; insurance unknown."

The Clearances.

BOSTON, March 28.—The leading Clearing Houses of the United States report that the total gross bank exchanges for the week ending March 27, were $945,785,750, or increase of 45.5 per cent as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

WHIPPED BY A GIRL.

A Handsome School Teacher Thrashes an Ex-Senator.

TOM'S RIVER, N. J., March 28.—Ephraim P. Emson is one of the wealthiest men in Ocean county. He is getting pretty well along in years, but he is tall and muscular and well preserved. As a politician Emson has been very prominent for years. He virtually controls the Democratic party of the county and dictates its nominations every fall. He was State Senator from the county from 1878 to 1881, and while at Trenton supported a number of prominent measures.

One of Emson's pet hobbies is the little school at Collier's Mills, a village which he almost entirely owns. He has taken great interest in the school for years. About a year ago Miss Louise Blackman was made principal of the school. She came well recommended from the State Normal School, and received Ex-Senator Emson's indorsement. She had a petite figure and was very pretty. As a disciplinarian and successful teacher she has had few equals at the Mills, but during the last few months Emson has taken a decided dislike to Miss Blackman. The reason is said to have been because he wanted to put a friend of his family in her place. The trustees of that school, of whom Emson is one, were a tie on the question. A new trustee had to be chosen, and Emson began using his efforts to elect a trustee who was opposed to Miss Blackman.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S REPUTATION.

The fight grew very warm. The teacher had a great many friends who backed her up. Then it was rumored that the ex-Senator was spreading stories that tended to ruin the pretty teacher's reputation. This of course added to the excitement. Hence when a special meeting for the election of trustees was called for last Wednesday, the school house was crowded with the friends and foes of Miss Blackman. Emson was there, occupying a chair near the platform.

A number of speeches were made on the state of the school, and then it came time to elect a trustee. The candidates of the Blackman and anti-Blackman party were defended quite at length. Emson made a speech in favor of his candidate and remarked that it was evident a change of principal was needed. Then a couple of young men started around with hats to collect ballots. Just then the door opened and Miss Blackman entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She kept her hands behind her back, and advanced between the desks until she stood in front of the ex-Senator. Then she brought her hand in front of her, and it was noticed to hold a long and tough-looking birch switch.

THE BIRCH IN USE.

The next instant it was uplifted and brought down with a swish upon Emson's shoulders. The ex-Senator jumped to his feet. The blows came thicker and faster upon his legs, arms, shoulders and neck. He warded them off as best he could, and made no attempt to strike back. When the pretty teacher was exhausted she handed the switch to one of her friends and sat down with cheeks aglow. All the time the thrashing was in progress the audience held its breath. The moment the thrashing stopped there was great excitement. A motion to adjourn was carried and then talking became general. Emson laughed good-naturedly and went home to nurse his bruises. The teacher received the congratulations of her friends and said she punished the Senator because of the damaging and untruthful things he had said.

Her reputation has been excellent, and she is understood to be engaged to a promising young lawyer in New York. Since Thursday she has been suffering from hysteria and nervous prostration. She proposes to fight it out, and it is said the chances of her candidate for trustee are good. Mr. Emson was at first inclined to have the teacher arrested, but has since given it up. He said this morning that he would have Miss Blackman deposed in a few weeks.

THE BELGIUM STRIKES.

The Troops Wound a Number of Women—The Rioters Destitute.

BRUSSELS, March 28.—Dispatches from Charteori say that there has been further rioting in that town, resulting in the killing of several persons and the wounding of many others.

The rioters at Jumet, upon the approach of the troops sent to disperse them, placed 200 women in the front ranks. The troops opened fire and many women were wounded. The strike is extending to Namur. Additional troops have been called from Brussels to quell the disorder.

Later advices from Charteori report that the town is calmer and that there will probably be no further riotous demonstrations by the strikers, as the body of the strikers are destitute and are compelled to beg for bread. The men are desperate and threaten violence if their wants are not supplied. A number of men will go to work to-morrow. They will be armed with revolvers with which to defend themselves in case of an attack by the other strikers.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

BRUSSELS, March 28.—The authorities have prohibited the sale of newspapers to the people of this city. Two classes of militia have been called out for service. The city of Leige was quiet to-day. It is expected that work will be resumed there to-morrow. A circular signed by Governor Hainault has been placarded throughout Charteroi, proclaiming a state of siege throughout the district, and authorizing the troops to cut down and fire upon all rioters that refuse to disperse. The strikes are threatened at Flenu and Quaregenon and troops have been sent to those places. It is asserted that Germans organized the present labor movements.

CHARLEROI, March 28.—Appeals for troops have been received from Chotolet, Chateline, Lalouveiers, Cilly and Couillet, where several factories and mines have bean wrecked and where many persons have been killed or wounded in collision with the local troops. Only the civic guards remain here and they are now exhausted from their incessant vigilance. The Burgomaster has been compelled to call for volunteers to defend the streets. News of disorder comes from all directions. There was a sharp encounter last evening at Sebastopol between the troops and a crowd of rioters who were trying to enter Charleroi. Two of the rioters were killed and several wounded, and the others fled. The strikers defy the troops and serious fighting is expected. Detachments of cavalry are scouring the country to suppress the armed beggars who have been terrorising and extorting money from villagers. It is announced that a meeting of colliery managers will be held at Lalourier, and the strikers are flocking to that town.

Laudanum and Death.

DENVER, March 28.—A Leadville special to the *News* says: John Timmons, an old professional gambler arrived here a few days since, without money, and failing to secure employment, to-day took a dose of laudanum, from which he died. The deceased was 51 years old, a native of Kentucky, and had spent the most of his life in Cincinnati and St. Louis. He leaves a wife and four children in the latter city.

Worthless Guns.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 28.—A series of experiments have been progressing in the Dardanelles to test the methods of several new Krupp guns. Several gunners were killed and a number of guns have been found to be worthless. Attempts have been made to keep these disasters secret, but without avail.

A Regular Walk Over.

DENVER, March 28.—The one-hundred-yard foot race at Pueblo to-day between M. K. Kittleman, of Kansas, and John Knight, of Pueblo, for $3,000 and gate money, was won by the former in 10 seconds, who gave Knight fifteen feet the start and then won by twenty feet.

A Financial Failure.

LONDON, March 28.—Advices received from Pekin are to the effect that the efforts to form a French syndicate have proved a failure.

THE SOUTHWESTERN STRIKE

Gould and Powderly Come to An Understanding.

THE ARBITRATION

Of the Differences Between the Missouri Pacific and the Knights Agreed To.

NEW YORK, March 28.—This morning at 11 o'clock T. V. Powderly and W. B. McDowell called on Jay Gould at the latter's residence. There they met Messrs. Gould, Hopkins and George Gould. There was a general discussion of the situation in the Southwest by both sides and a better understanding was arrived at than had been had been had by either party hitherto. After talking until 1 o'clock p. m. the conference was adjourned until this evening. At 7 o'clock to-night they met again. At 8:30 p. m., Powderly had to leave to keep an engagement with Congressman O'Neill, of St. Louis, Chairman of the House Committee on Labor, who came from Washington to render assistance, if possible, in settling the strike. McDowell, however, remained with Mr. Gould and his party, and Mr. Gould finally handed to McDowell the following communication:

GOULD'S INSTRUCTIONS.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD,
March 28, 1886.

T. V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman:

DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter of the 27th instant, I write to say that I will to-morrow send the following telegraphic instructions to Mr. Hoxie, General Manger of the Missuri Pacific Road at St. Louis: "In resuming the movement of trains on the Missouri Pacific and in the employment of laborers in the several departments of this company, we will give preference to our late employes, whether they are Knights of Labor or not, except that you will not employ persons who have injured the company's property during the late strike, nor will we discharge any person who has taken service with the company during said strike. We see no objection to arbitrating any differences between the employes and the company—past nor future."

Hoping the above will be satisfactory, I remain yours very truly,

JAY GOULD, President.

POWDERLY'S TELEGRAM.

The Executive Board of the Knights of Labor have sent out the following telegram:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1886.

Martin Irons, Chairman Executive Board, District Assembly No. 101, St. Louis:

President Jay Gould has consented to our proposition for arbitration, and so telegraphs Vice-President Hoxie. Order the men to resume work at once. By order of the Executive Board.

T. V. POWDERLY,
Grand Master Workman.

The Executive Board also sent out the following telegram:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1886.

To Knights of Labor now on strike in the Southwest:

President Jay Gould has consented to our proposition for arbitration and so telegraphs Vice-President Hoxie. Pursuant to telegraphic instructions sent to the Chairman of the Executive Board of District Assembly No. 101, you are directed to resume work at once. Per order of the Executive Board.

T. V. POWDERLY,
Grand Master Workman.

O'NEILL JUBILANT.

Congressman O'Neill arrived from Washington just in time to get the news. He sent the following congratulatory telegram at once:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1886.

To the Missouri Republican:

Settlement effected; Gould consents to arbitration; Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor has ordered men to resume work; congratulate our people on the results. JOHN J. O'NEILL.

Congressman O'Neill said that the Labor Committee had prepared a bill which he would present to the House to-morrow, in which, he thought, were provisions which would prevent future trouble like this. He said that some 9,000 or 10,000 people had been directly affected by the strike, and that unnumbered thousands had indirectly been affected. He expressed great pleasure that the end had come so peaceably. He returned to Washington at midnight.

Messrs. Powderly and McDowell will meet Mr. Gould to-morrow morning at 9:30 o'clock by appointment.

His Last Act.

LONDON, March 28.—Sir Henry Taylor the dramatist, is dead; aged 86 years.

Free Exportation.

LISBON, March 28.—The Portugese Government has issued a decree authorizing the free exportation of gold and silver coin.

A Priest's Death.

LONDON, March 28.—The death is announced of the Most Reverend Richard C. Trench, D. D., formerly Archbishop of the Dublin diocese of the church of Ireland.

Still Surrendering.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—A Sonora, Mexico, special says: Geronimo is reported to be holding a conference to-night with Gen. Crook. His unconditional surrender is expected to-morrow.

Lightning Compositor.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.—The type setting contest which began here on Tuesday, March 16, closed last night. Duguid, of Cincinnati, taking the first prize, and McCann, of New York, the second. Daguid yesterday exceeded all previous records, his net composition being 6,635 ems in three hours.

Gladstone's Dissenters and Friends.

LONDON, March 28.—It is expected that there will be six secessions from Mr. Gladstone's party outside of the Cabinet. The report that Lord Spencer would resign unless the Land bill satisfied him is not true. He has full confidence in Mr. Gladstone and assisted the latter in drafting his bill.

An American Paper Suppressed.

PANAMA (via Galveston,) March 28.—Great excitement has been occasioned by a decree of San Domingo, ordering the suspension of an American newspaper, the *Star and Herald*, notwithstanding an official declaration of the freedom of the press. There has been, it is claimed, no unfriendly act towards or censure of the Government to warrant such proceedings. The manager of the paper has protested before the American Consul, who will seek redress by diplomatic means.

The Mexicans Worsted.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—The *Chronicle's* Tombstone special says: Frank Leslie and Tom Green, mounted United States Customs Inspectors, while searching for smugglers near Lanoria, on the boundary line, twenty-five miles southwest of this city, were attacked by Mexican Inspectors. They promptly recrossed the line and when on American soil Green opened fire on the Mexicans, and it is believed wounded one of them.

Another American Murdered.

GALVESTON, March 28.—The *News'* San Antonio special says: A dispatch, received here to-day, conveys the intelligence of the assassination by Mexican outlaws of Mr. Louis Feltner in Santa Clara canyon, while *en route* from Jimulco to his silver mines in the State of Durango. The murdered man was once a wealthy and prominent citizen of Chicago. For the past six years he has been engaged in mining in Mexico. He was the lessee of the Azul mines, owned by parties in San Antonio. This makes the third American murdered in the canyon this year.

MRS. MACKAY'S DIAMONDS.

They Outrival All Others at Queen Victoria's Drawing-Room.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The *Sun's* London cable of the 23d says: Many American ladies vied with each other at the Queen's drawing-room to-day in the beauty of their toilets and the splendor of their jewels, but the blaze of Mrs. John W. Mackay's gems was dazzling beyond description. Among the most conspicuous of her adornments were a *riviere* of diamonds, the pendants diamonds and sapphires, a coronet of sapphires and diamonds, and four strings of pearls. Nothing to equal Mrs. Mackay's display of rare and costly jewels has been witnessed at any court since the reign of the Empress Eugenie at the Tulleries.

KU-KLUX OUTRAGES.

The Brutal Crimes of a West Viginia Gang.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The *Tribune's* Parkersburg, West Virginia, special of the 23d instant, says: Several weeks ago a man was taken from his home and brutally whipped and his daughter treated in a shameful manner by the Ku-Klux at Smithville. On Sunday night Robert Glover and family were almost roasted to death by the villains. About midnight a party of men assembled about the house and demanded that Glover come out. This he refused to do, and the rascals began pouring a volley of shot into the building from revolvers, shotguns and rifles. Some bullets entered the windows and narrowly missed the inmates. Glover returned the fire, and it is thought wounded several of the assailants. The Ku-Klux then rode up and threw coal oil on the house and set it on fire, and when Glover attempted to extinguish the flames, they shot at him and he was compelled to retreat. The inmates stood the heat as long as possible, but at last were compelled to leave the house. Mrs. Glover, going first to the stable, released the cow and horse. The ruffians fired at her, but she escaped unhurt. Her husband was wounded seriously, but under cover of the smoke they were enabled to gain the woods and thus escape. The house, with corn, wheat, bacon and furniture, was totally destroyed.

THE DEMENTED SOLDIER.

A Brief Sketch of James McIntosh and His Strange Conduct.

Yesterday afternoon a MINER representative met Mr. M. Rutter, who for a number of months past has known James McIntosh, the unfortunate man whom Constable Judge on Saturday last arrested and lodged in the County Jail upon a charge of insanity. Mr. McIntosh is a man of good education, about 35 years of age, and in Canada a number of years since followed the avocation of a school teacher. He has a sister and brother, the latter a physician in a small town called Barre, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. In that section of country McIntosh was married and his wife died, leaving him a son now about 10 or 12 years of age, who is taken care of by his sister. After the death of his wife McIntosh went to one of the interior counties of California, and took a contract for cutting a large quantity of wood. He had corded up about 1,000 cords in the timber, but a forest fire destroyed the entire amount before he had delivered it, and he lost every dollar of its value. Then he turned his attention to quartz mining, and began running a tunnel into the mountain, but again fortune frowned upon his efforts, and after carrying it in some 800 or 900 feet he was forced to abandon it, again losing his total investment. Shortly after this he gave unmistakable evidence of insanity, and he was taken into custody, the result being that he was sent to the asylum at Stockton, leaving his child, who was with him, to the care of almost entire strangers.

HELP FROM HOME.

Six or eight months afterwards in some manner his brother beard of his condition, came west and secured his release, taking both he and his child back to Canada. By good attention and careful nursing he was restored to reason, and about a year ago he came to Montana, having been engaged during the past winter in chopping wood for the Basin Flume Company. Some time since he told Mr. Rutter that as soon as he had his wood measured and received he was going back to Canada, and it is probable that when he was taken into custody he was endeavoring to carry out that plan. He had on his person $60.60 in money, a good silver watch and a number of pistol cartridges.

HIS CONDITION.

During Saturday night he appeared to rest quietly and ate heartily at his meals yesterday, but he maintained the same demeanor as when first brought to the County Jail, nothing but something in relation to military affairs seeming to arouse him from his reverie. He stated to one of the officers that he had learned to drill when a boy in school, and that he wanted to join the army. Occasionally he will answer two or three questions, and then drop back into a semi-comitose condition, standing all the while in his cell, with his eyes and thoughts apparently riveted upon some particular spot in the cell, and seldom sitting down. He will be examined by a commission at once, and his friends will also be notified of his whereabouts, and they will probably again come after him, as it is said that his brother, the physician, is quite well off.

THE WEATHER

Something Which Knocks Out the Shrewdest of Weather Sharps

The weather last evening was disheartening and discouraging. The heavens had gently wept frozen tears all the afternoon, but at nightfall the noiseless flakes began to fall thicker, and at midnight the ground was covered with an inch-deep mantle. The snow was damp and penetrating. Overcoats were almost no protection. the very atmosphere being murky with dampness which managed to work its way through the thickest fabrics to the skin, making pedestrians as thoroughly uncomfortable as possible. The night was a nasty one.

"The men of Butte will be safe to retain their overcoats for the first half of this week," said a shivering weather prophet last night. "All this talk about Spring being here is simply bosh. Spring is here, but the clerk of the weather never consults the almanac when dishing up temperature for this country. I have been sampling Butte weather for the past twenty-five years, and I never yet met or heard of a scientist who could predict to-day with any degree of certainty the climate of to-morrow."

And the man of many Montana winters went off to order another Tom and Jerry.

A Revolutionary War Anecdote.

Delaware County (Pa.) Independent.

A very old cutlass was shown us. While Mr. Thomas Smith was living in Tinicum the soldiers from a British vessel anchored below his house made frequent visits in search of breadstuffs. They stole whatever they could lay their hands on. One day a Hessian soldier came to the house. Mrs. Smith was baking bread, and the soldier coming into the kitchen seized hold upon a fresh loaf. She grasped the other end and called for the guard, who was stationed in the vicinity to protect the property of Mr. Smith from the soldiers. The Hessian had laid aside his cutlass. When he saw the guard coming he dropped the bread and cried in his own language, "Me buy brtad," insinuating that he had come purchase some bread. He got away, but left his cutlass behind, which fell into the possession of Mr. Smith. It is about two feet in length, well preserved and incased in a leathern guard, which clung so tightly to the blade that it could not be withdrawn.

Glass bells are the fashionable table bell, says the Boston *Courier*, and, as might be expected, give a very musical tinkle.

The cutaway coat is not so cutaway as it was, and this information comes all the way across the ocean from London.

PICTURES OF THE WAR.

Striding as we are as a nation with restless and impatient haste towards wealth and power; extending and expanding our empire as a people and widening and deepening the opportunities for individual effort, it is seldom we ever stop to think what it cost to secure the blessings we enjoy. Let our citizens look around them to-day, through the length and breadth of our great Commonwealth, and observe the manifestations of its power, and then extend their vision until it embraces the whole country, and do not their hearts swell and their thoughts kindle with pride as they see with what a mighty impulse, with what giants strides we are hurrying as a people not only to material wealth and power, but to more enlightenment, to more liberal and broader culture, and to the conception of higher and better forms of duty to our fellow men. As we revolve the changes of the last twenty years in our mind, with the glow of honest satisfaction that comes of a contemplation of the dignity and power of the nation, is there not an attending recollection of the half million of lives it cost to preserve these blessings. When our citizens sit in their cosy or luxurious homes with their children around them do they ever think of the self-sacrifice that raised little green mounds along the Tennessee and at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and as they measure their wealth and feel a thrill of conscious power as they gaze upon our vast industries, do they ever think of the heroism that literally furrowed Virginia with graves? If a reveille could be sounded that would waken these dead and shaking off their cerements they were to muster once more what a vast host would answer roll call.

ROLL CALL.

"Roll call!" What a flood of recollections rushes in upon us at the bare mention of these simple words. "Fall in for roll call!" What soldier does not remember this summons as in the early morning it broke in on his slumbers and dispelled bright visions of home. Rolling out of their blankets with hair disheveled and unkempt, rubbing their half-opened eyes and trying to look soldierly, the line that stood up in the grey of the dawn was a strange, uncouth group, but often, aye, very often, as the sergeant at the head of the line called the roll, faces would suddenly grow earnest and sad, and big brawny hands brushed away a tear as a name that was wont to be called was silently passed over. The omission told a story of death and was mournfully suggestive of the uncertainty of our soldier life.

But what soldier will forget the morning after a fight when the roll was called? Where are the voices that yesterday answered "Here" so joyously? Where are the forms that stood up in line in the full tide of health and vigor, with the warm blood of youth coursing through their veins, with their hopes so high and their resolves so strong? Let us speak of the morning when Freedericksburg was fought as some veteran would tell the story. It was a bitterly cold morning in December. The company formed in line and each man of the thirty-four answered to his name promptly and heartily—thirty-four of the one hundred good, warm-hearted, honest men who had espoused the Union cause under my command, and the rest of whom had been discharged for disability, or thus early filled soldiers' graves, their last tattoo sounded in the thunders of Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and a score of other fights. Bronzed, scarred and true, here stood the remaining thirty four, with eager and anxious hearts awaiting the summons to battle. Between us and the enemy floats a great bank of shadowy mists that now lift and kiss the tops of the ridges as it to discover the foe and sweep along hugging the plane to hide him from view. Nervous questions pass from lip to lip. "What are we going to do?" "Will Burnside hurl us right up against the enemy, or will he flank them?"

FORWARD.

"Move forward slowly and silently" is the thrilling answer to these queries. Forward means right up to those terrible batteries that for weeks had been frowning upon us. Forward means across a broad plain and up to trenches filled with armed men, from which will pour a deluge of fire. Forward means what every soldier in that army knew, one of the bloodiest and fiercest conflicts of the war. Hearts beat more quickly, eyes are aglow with expectation and every voice is hushed. The jingle of the equipments on the men, the crisp, rosty earth cr aking beneath our feet, are the only sounds that break the stillness. The murky clouds still linger, as if unwilling to dispel the gloom, but gradually the day unfolds itself, when the boom of a gun and the whirr of a shell admonish us that the dawn has revealed our onward move. How full of ecstasy is this moment, full of hope and doubt and crowded with visions of home, of dear ones and loved faces, and flooded with a strange sort of pleasure, a kind of stern delight, that while being thus environed with dangers has withal a sense of power to combat and repel them. You sigh for something to break the awful silence. Hark! 'Tis the rumbling of artillery. List! 'Tis the sharp report of the skirmishers. Still the silent lines push steadily on, every nerve strung, every mouth set, and every eye strained to rend the misty veil that hides the foe.

But the crisis has come at last; a scattering fire of small arms, and the range of hills that skirt the plain are lighted up with the blaze of fifty guns. A terrible crash, and fifty shells are shrieking, bursting, ploughing along, making great bloody gashes in our ranks. The red gaps are closed, and forward the staggered columns move again, till a long line of fire, the steady rattle of musketry, the music of myriads of bullets and the dropping, thinning files tells us how close we are. More loudly thunder the guns, more quickly and sharply rattles the musketry until all is lost in one continuous roar. The earth totters under our feet and the hot air brushes our faces, forced back as it is by the dreadful concusion of the bursting shells. It is a very tempest of death we meet. How frenzied and mad seem those guns, as their brazen mouths ablaze with fire gape right in front of us. How merciless is the leaden storm that whistles around us, but the trenches are reached now and into the startled powder-blackened faces of the foe a deadly volley is poured. It is only the fury of the tide lashing the shore ere it turns. The next instant our maimed and shattered lines are backward borne, not in dismay and confusion, but slowly, sullenly, while ghastly red streams mark their path, and the terrible "thud, thud" of the bullets as it lodges in some poor fellow's body is heard on every side. A hand grasps our own, and turning we find a gallant officer of our regiment, who by the speechless agony pictured on his face asks in plainer terms than words, "What is to be done?" He gets his answer in a volley from the approaching foe, and as his clutch loosens the warm blood gushes in a crimson current from his side. A quick struggle, a gasp and his limbs stiffen with the chill of death. Look upon upon that boyish face upturned to our gaze; the eyes seem yet on fire, the fixed mouth is still set with the resolute will, and the hand closed fast on the trusty sword. Call the roll now, sergeant. Seventeen men are missing; seventeen are stretched mangled and torn, stiff and stark on yonder blood-stained plain, one-half of the little company of the morning are to be consigned to their mother earth under that white flag of truce. The brave, good; big-hearted sergeant sobs and chokes as he goes over the fatal list, and observe the left hand holds the little book, from which he calls the names, for the right hand is shattered with a ball—so close was his own summons to attend the dead.

A TERRIBLE COST.

It was thus the Nation purchased the blessings we now enjoy. It was at such terrible cost we preserved our liberty. This dreadful sacrifice was the penalty we had to pay to know ourselves, our resources and our destiny. Nations, like individuals, need trials to temper and give them strength. Amid the throes of the late rebellion a higher liberty was born. But the benefit was not only our own here in the North.

The quickening influences of industry, enterprise and education are being felt in every fibre and nerve, through every channel of the trade and thought in that very section where the standard of revolt was raised, and which for four years bristled with rebellion. A few years of thrift, development, and honest, hard, determined work has commenced to unfold the vast resources of the South, and disclose the manifold riches of its soil, and discovered to that section, let us hope, the groundless basis of its mistrust and hatred of the North. Our great system of railways is gradually uniting us in indissoluble hands of iron; our grand rivers connect us with natural ties, and the community of our interests, the glories of our past, and the possibilities of our future forbid our dissolution as a nation. Shorn of her strength for a time, the South is rising again like a giant, refreshed and full of vigor, not to put on its armor and muster its forces in a fratricidal war, but to join with the North in a generous rivalry for the rewards of industry, for the fruits which follow invention and toil. And we, who were the victors, while we are proud of the achievements, glory in the patriotism and will ever reverence the memory of our soldier dead, should always remember that we best evince our loyalty to the principles for which they fought by trying to cement with peaceful ties the Union for which they died.

A SEARCH FOR GAME.

"S-t-t-t-t!" hissed Francisco, sliding from the back of an ox on which he had been seated, and clutching my arm with a grasp that made the member numb for an hour. He crouched with me in the shelter of the two oxen forming our hunting train, and pointed down the course of the *arroya*, toward a broad plain, upon which a buck and doe of the small brown species of deer common in Central America were

Then he coolly reached up and took a lighted *cigarro* from between my lips and tossed it into the stream.

"*Muy silenzio!* much care!" he whispered, "or the deer will see us, and flash they will go like lightning. Now, *Don Enrique*, I will show you how we hunt deer in Honduras."

With a short goad, not more than twelve inches long, he directed his ox to walk along the stream's course in a diagonal line toward the deer, purposing to break from the shelter of the woods into the open plain whereon the game was feeding at a point within easy rifle shot. He followed close behind the slow moving ox, crouching so as to be completely hidden by its body, and motioned for me to follow his example, my well-trained beast going after its leader without hesitation.

The forest around us was so dense as to be impenetrable away from the course of the stream. Mahogany, ceiba, guanacaste and wild guava trees—laced together by the thorny vines of the sarsaparilla—made a jungle which was dark at midday. Macaws, with red breasts and head, yellow wings and blue and red tails, flashed from the tops of the trees into the open space formed by the *arroya* which we were following, and harshly scolded when they saw us.

Francisco shook his fist in mute anger at their disturbance, but their cries did not alarm the deer more than momentarily. The beautiful spotted creatures—knee deep in grass and those beautiful flowers with which the higher portions of Honduras are so plentifully blessed—looked up at the first cries of the macaws, but on sighting the oxen calmly went on cropping the herbage and occasionally caressing each other, until we had approached within twenty yards of the edge of the forest. Then, suddenly, Francisco's ox stood still, trembling violently, at the same time staring fixedly toward a clump of *jicoral* or calabash trees, which grew in the center of the plain some rods beyond the deer.

A full-grown black tiger, with his legs bent so that his belly brushed the grass, was sliding like a snake out of the shelter of the coppice. His eyes gleamed in his black head like globes of white light, and even from our stand we could see his whiskered upper lip wrinkled to a snarl and note the slow waving of his tail as he gathered himself for a spring upon the unsuspicious deer.

It was a long leap to the buck, but the tiger knew his powers and landed fair on the slender creatures haunches, bringing it down as easily as a cat crushes a mouse. It closed its jaws on the deer's velvet throat and for fully five minutes lay on its victim, making no motion that we could see.

"So, senor," Francisco whispered, "*elle tigre negro* is much better game than deer. We will kill him. Deer skins are worth only one real each; but the Government gives us eight reals for a tiger's ears, and we can sell the skin for as much more. Yes, we will kill him."

"But my rifle is fit only for small game," I said, in a fierce whisper, "and you—you have nothing but a toasting fork!"

My contempt for his spear was returned with interest by Francisco's pitying glance at the little Stevens rifle which I carried. He quickly tethered the oxen to a mahogany tree—making no efforts at quietness during the operation, and then remarked aloud:

"You think I can't kill him with this toasting fork? What you bet I can't? I bet you a doubloon. I bet you a real. I bet you anything you want I can kill him! Stay here, stay where you can see the fight best, and, *Don Henrigo*, you will see this toasting fork kill a tiger. But if I don't kill him, take care, then—*cuidado por dios cuidado!*—for your little rifle with his little bird shot bullet against a mad tiger will not be worth that."

He snapped his thumb and finger with a report like a pistol shot, and before I could stop him dashed out into the plain and ran full tilt toward the tiger, which was still mumbling the bloody throat of its quarry.

When it saw the adventurous Spaniard running toward it the great cat lifted itself from the grass with a growl that uncovered its yellow fangs. It stood as high as a four-months calf, and now that its size could be compared with that of the man who was advancing to meet it, it was apparent that from flank to nose the brute could not measure less than seven feet.

That it had the courage to fight, I well knew from the stories of the Honduras tiger's prowess, which had been told me at my friend's *hacienda;* and that it had the strength to kill a man is well evidenced by the hundreds of cattle which yearly fall victims to tigers in Central America. So great is the loss from this source that for many years the authorities in the Province of Olancho have paid out large sums of money as bounty to the killers of lions and tigers. These bounties have given rise to the profession of tiger-killing in some parts of Honduras and Nicaraugua—the tiger-killers being locally known as *tigreros*, and performing their dangerous work with the help only of a spear and knife. To the functions of guide interpreter, and servant for casual travelers through Honduras, Francisco united the occupations of deer hunter and tigrero, and now—stung by my contemptuous remarks about his native lance—he was advancing to do battle with a larger tiger than he would probably have cared to attack while in a calmer mood.

With his mantle wrapped closely about his left arm as a shield, the lance held by its middle in his right hand, he walked to within ten yards of the now furious brute. It was lashing its sides with frequent quick switchings of the tail, and its growls were momentary. With his spear, Francisco made a half lunge at the beast which was of course far out of his reach, and in the flash of an eyelid the tiger settled upon its haunches, rose into the air and came down full and fair upon the man, as it had done a moment before upon the deer. An ox could not have withstood the shock. Francisco went down, and for a second man and tiger rolled together in the grass.

I ran toward them, firing my rifle and shouting, hoping thus to distract the brute's attention long enough to give Francisco time to rise in case he was not mortally hurt. But death was already busy with a victim. The victim was the tiger. Instead of alighting upon a defenseless man it had come down upon the sharp spear point and literally impaled itself. The next moment Francisco had leaped from the grass where the shock had flung him, and pushed the blade of his sharp *cuchillo*, or knife, into the beast's undulating neck, when he twisted it, and suddenly brought it out with a sweeping cut that severed the wind-pipe, jugular vein and gullet.

There was an agonized switching of the brute's tail, a few convulsive shudders running through its body, and then it suddenly stretched itself out to its full length and the tiger was dead.

In less than an hour Francisco's skilled fingers and nimble knife had stripped the beautiful velvet skin from the carcass, and with the hindquarters of the deer across the back of an ox we set off on our return to the hacienda.

"I must have that tiger skin, Francisco," I remarked. "I will give you half a doubloon for it."

He looked fixedly into my face for a moment and then brought the oxen to a halt.

"Don Henrigo," he said, earnestly, "I get you another one, I get you Donna's tiger skin. She will be here before night looking for Don Tiger Negro, her husband. I kill her. You take them both—both for a doubloon."

He was thoroughly in earnest. His black eyes sparkled and his face beamed with animation at the hope of gaining another half doubloon at such a small price as the risking of his life. But we had both been near enough to death for one afternoon, and, to Francisco's extreme disappointment, I refused to countenance any more tiger spearing that day.

RAKED UP AT RANDOM.

Brooms are going up.

Ginghams have tufted spots.

Melons are up in Florida.

The sweetest orange has a rusty coat.

A national league of rifle clubs is talked of.

Dried herring on toast are being introduced.

Mars is just entering the constellation of Leo.

Ingalls thinks nothing of a twenty-mile jaunt.

The Boston horse railroads want to consolidate.

"It's just pie," is a St. Louis phrase for ecstacy.

Carrots cut in dice look pretty in a mutton stew.

Bicycling on ice is a popular sport in Canada.

Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

Scarfs of fine white lawn are again fashionably worn.

The new rough-faced ginghams ought to wash well.

Plum blossoms appear in the Georgia landscape.

"Bong tong" is the way they pronounce it in Chicago.

Many young whitefish are sold as herring in Michigan.

There's a boycott on the Toledo Sunday *Democrat*.

A New Yorker advertises to give lessons in mesmerism.

P. Ryan, the pugilist, is going to pose in an Irish drama.

There are dangerous wild dogs on Wind River, Wyoming.

New York car companies lost $30,000 by the recent strike.

Many of the new spring fabrics are quite complex to look at.

White Marabout bands are much worn upon ball toilets.

The tamarack is the most elastic of American woods.

Michigan deer are being ruthlessly and rapidly killed off.

Bermuda potatoes are selling at a dollar a peck in New York.

A catfish of 175 pounds has been caught near Selma, Alabama.

"Mallard ducks dressed for the oven" are advertised in Buffalo.

Opera candy, which includes a song and a stick of candy, is out.

Powdered-head balls are the thing in Louisville society.

Mrs. Fox, of Woster, Ohio, has died from the stick of a needle.

Beecher thinks Monday should be pay-day, not Saturday.

Georgia shad fishers are untangling their nets, if possible.

Rabbits are gnawing the young pear trees of Live Oak, Florida.

The Caterer calls mincemeat "a gastronomic miscellany."

The Florida nurseries can't fill their orders for peach trees.

The Hartford *Times* says: "Why this coldness, spring dear?"

Florida photographers are selling pictures of the late icicles.

Deep Step is the unhackneyed name of a new Georgia postoffice.

A house once tenanted by Webster is being torn down in Boston.

"Cheese is, indeed, a peevish elf, digesting all things save itself."

A Wilcox, Georgia, housewife killed a hen "weighing 18 pounds, net."

Black snake items are thawing out nicely in Connecticut exchanges.

Indianapolis is eating finger-sized radishes at five cents a bunch.

The nutmeg hickory of Arkansas is the strongest wood in the land.

New York drug stores confess a great increase in the morphine habit.

A mill in Bartlett, N. H. ejected 1,400 bushels of shoe-pegs in one day.

Massachusetts sharpshooters are to set up a granite shaft at Gettysburg.

Silk underwear is reported to be more elaborately trimmed than ever.

There are now 200,000,000 carp, of German lineage, in this country.

Some of the new sun shades have rather gaudy handles made of imitation jewels.

"Miss Nancy collars" are what they call those that turn down in front just a trifle.

A "number of timely articles were discussed," at the Cincinnati editors' banquet.

A colored silk handkerchief sticking out of a man's pocket nowadays is "bad form."

Ladies known as "religious extremists" wear black gowns and bonnets during Lent.

Red, according to the fashion authorities, will hold its own throughout the summer.

Wine decanters with jewelled stoppers are new in importations, and very elegant, too.

The crooked stick still "obtains" among young men who delight to be taken for swells.

Pointed shoes for men or women are declared to be a fashion altogether of the past.

Plates costing $30 each do not necessarily enhance the taste of the food served on them.

A Banks, Georgia, man killed thirty-one crows in thirty minutes. With strychnine, though.

Now that fashionable women are discarding sealing-wax, business men seem to be taking it up.

A white tulle dress, worn by Mrs. Roberts in Washington last week, was trimmed with natural violets.

Sensible people have come to the conclusion that the bric-a-brac craze has been carried far enough.

Fall in Sugar.

CHICAGO, March 27.—The sugar merchants say that yesterday two carloads of refined sugars from San Francisco were sold in Chicago at one-fourth of a cent per pound less than prices for similar New York grades. This firm received a telegram from the Spreckles refinery offering their granulated sugar at 6 cents in San Francisco and a guarantee of freights to Chicago at three-eighths. New York granulated sugar was then selling in Chicago at 6⅝c., and he was thus enabled to sell ⅛c. below that price. New York refiners met the prices of the California sugar, and only two cars arrived.

New Cabinet Officers.

LONDON, March 27.—The Right Hon. James Stansfield, Radical member of Parliament for Halifax, has been appointed President of the local Government Board, in place of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Stansfield occupied the same office once before, but without a seat in the Cabinet, resigning in 1874. Earl Dalhousie has been appointed to succeed Mr. G. O. Trevelyan as Secretary for Scotland. He will not, however, have a seat in the Cabinet.

Secretary Manning.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Mr. Manning's condition is unchanged. "He is not out of danger," said Dr. Lincoln to-day, "and will not be for some time yet, but we feel encouraged as time goes by."

No Spirit Monopoly.

BERLIN, March 28.—The Reichstag this afternoon, by a vote of 181 to 3, rejected Prince Bismarck's Spirit Monopoly bill. The members of the Right abstained from voting.

AUF WIEDERSEIEN.

The sun sweeps down behind the hills
As if the tired world scorning.
Worn Labor sighs and counts its ills
Increased, despite all hopes and wills,
While Night's dread pall enfolds and chills;
But, ah, beyond those dark'ning hills
Remember it is Morning.

The land fades swiftly out of sight,
A thread of purple graven
Upon the bosom of the night,
And boundless waters in their might
Oppose and mock our good ship's flight;
But far, oh, far beyond our sight
There smiles a waiting haven.

O hearts, hope on—the sun may hide,
Lands fade; but falter never;
The morning comes whate'er betide;
The haven waits though wild the tide;
Labor and Love, at last shall glide
Safe to their Soul's rest, there to abide
In sweet-won peace forever.

My land is lost behind the sea—
O aching heart and burning!—
God knows my soul was wrapt in thee;
No more wert thou, in all, to me,
Than I would to thy future be.
And shall be!—if the mighty sea
Give safe and sure returning.

Captain Richard Ringk.

The disaster that befell the Cunarder, "Oregon," has been the topic of conversation since the occurrence. The prompt action of Captain Ringk prevented a dire loss of life, and the arrival of the "Fulda" prevented a catastrophy which would have placed the record of the "Atlantic" disaster in the shade.

Captain Ringk was born in Bremen fifty-two years ago. He began a sea-fairing life on a sailing vessel in 1851 and in 1869; entered the service of the Lloyd Steamship Company, as captain, and has continued in it ever since. He has commanded several vessels of this line, among them the "Donan" and "Fulda," and has been Captain of the latter but four months. Captain Ringk is a cool, skillful officer and knows, to the minutest detail how to manage an ocean steamer. His home is in his native Bremen, where his wife and children live. In person he is short and thick-set, weighing fully two hundred pounds. His face is full, round and ruddy, his eyes dark, his beard and hair iron grey.

Captain Philip Cotter.

The story of the sinking of the "Oregon" of the Cunard Line, one of the fastest of their fast ocean steamers, has been fully and graphically told in all the papers, but too great praise cannot be given for the gallantry of the "Oregon's" officers. Universal sympathy is expressed for Captain Cottier, who [illegible] one stroke loses the position which took years of energy, ability and courage to attain. Captain Cottier was among the last to leave his vessel and not until the "Fulda" came upon the scene and rendered her assistance, when the safety of every one of his passengers and crew was assured, did he consent to leave the "Oregon." Captain Cottier was one of the bravest and manliest officers in the Cunard service, and he was well chosen to command their crack vessel. Great praise is also due to Mate Peter Hood, who has been dubbed the "Hero of the 'Oregon.'" In contra-distinction to the gallantry of the officers, the dastardly action of the coal stokers and firemen stands out prominently. Many of the stories of their baseness can scarcely be believed, one of the passengers relates how the firemen crowded into the boats, leaving the women and children to take care of themselves, and only with drawn revolvers could the officers enforce their commands. The sinking of the "Oregon" is a mystery of the sea, and the investigation of the matter, which is sure to follow, will doubtless, form most interesting reading.

REAL AMERICAN DIAMONDS.

From the Danbury, (N. C.) Reporter.

Dr. Genth, of Philadelphia, possibly the first mineralogical chemist in America, and the instructor of the writer in the mysteries of analysis, has mentioned nine diamonds as having been found in North Carolina, and the following occurrences as having been well established: The first was found in 1843, at the ford at Brindlerowa creek, and is valued at $100. Another was found in the same neighborhood. The third, at Twitty's mine, in Rutherford county. Gen. Clingman informed the writer that Mr. Twitty told him that this stone was stolen from him some years ago in the city of New York. The fourth came from near Cottage Home, Lincoln county; it was found in the spring of 1852. The fifth in the summer of 1852, in Todd's branch, Mecklenburg county—described as a very beautiful diamond. The sixth, a very beautiful stone of considerable size, like a small chincapin, and of a black color, was found at the same locality by three men while washing for gold. The seventh, a very beautiful octahedral diamond, was found many years ago at the Potis mine, Franklin county. The eighth, a second one, is reported from the same locality. The ninth, a small diamond, was found a few years ago in McDowell county on the head-waters of Muddy creek.

Crook and the Apaches.

WILCOX, Arizona, March 27.—Gen. Crook accompanied by his personal staff, Lieut. Man's command and the Apache scouts, met Geronimo and all the Chircahuas twenty-five miles south of East San Bernardino Springs, Sonora, Mexico. Gen. Crook would not have any argument with Geronimo but told him he must decide at once on unconditional surrender or fight to the death. Geronimo begged for the lives of himself and the hostiles. His band offer to surrender unconditionally whether Geronimo does or not.

THE law should protect miners against a condition such as exists in the Liquidator mine at present. Montana sadly needs an official inspector of mines, endowed with ample powers.

THE railroad vote will cut a figure in the politics of Montana next fall.